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THE SCARLET LETTER.

Within this book is writ the tale of sin
And solemn expiation. From a soil
Virgin it sprang, the first-fruit of the toil
Whereof a nation new-create should win
Harvest of art immortal; herewithin
We read how memory, like a serpent's coil,
Clings round the guilty soul, which finds no foil
Against the fangs that strike still deeper in.

The glowing letter on the sable field
Burned to her heart, whose passion here revealed,
Strong both to err and to atone, deep burns
Into the mind, and holds in all men's sight
The law that sin committed ever earns
The bitter sorrow for the brief delight.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The great exhibition which is to crown four centuries of civilization upon the American continent has now been formally dedicated to its noble purpose, and the dedication was in many ways singularly impressive. The loveliest of Indian Summer weather seemed to add the benediction of nature to the approval of man. For three days the business of Chicago was suspended, and citizens of all callings joined with the hosts of their visitors in celebrating the occasion. The streets of the city, richly decorated for the festivities, offered a fitting objective counterpart to the festal feeling of the hundreds of thousands by which they were thronged. And, in the magical White City, sprung from the waste, like Aladdin's palace, in a single night, the largest building in the world gave shelter to the greatest concourse of people ever assembled under one roof, and witnessed the exercises that gathered into one focal hour the richly colored expression of the aspiration and the achievement of four hundred years.

On this occasion, as never before, Chicago indulged to the full in the somewhat irrational passion for bigness which has been one of her most marked characteristics since her ambition in that direction was aroused by the biggest fire known to history. And on this occasion, more nearly than usual, she was justified in her exultation. The amount of work yet necessary for the completion of the exhibition is very great, but that which has already been done removes all fear concerning what is still unaccomplished, and no intelligent

observer of the present condition of affairs can doubt that the exhibition will fulfil its promise of being the largest and most comprehensive yet attempted. The work of organization, judged by the results already reached, must be pronounced a success, and to the executive ability that has presided over the work there is due a very high degree of praise. Those who have watched the work in its development have, indeed, seen many things to regret. There has been a great deal of unseemly wrangling, the result of the peculiar system of dual control. There have been all sorts of petty squabbles among directors and other officials. There has been one very humiliating episode, in which a distinguished Kentuckian is the chief figure — for which responsibility rests somewhere, although it is difficult to say exactly upon whom. There have been absolute mistakes, also, great and small. If the famous discoverer of electro-magnetism were to revisit these pale glimpses, he would find his name carved in huge letters of stone upon one of the buildings — and misspelled. This is one of the small mistakes. A greater one is that of the expenditure of a large sum of money for a purpose afterward abandoned as not consonant with good taste. The greatest mistake of all, of course, is that made by the national part of the management when it was decided to close the exhibition one day of every week, and that day the one upon which, above all others, it is desirable that the gates should be open. This mistake, fortunately, there is yet time to rectify. But, making all due allowance for errors of judgment that have marred the work, and for quarrels that have impeded its progress, the great fact remains that it has gone on at an unprecedented rate, and has to-day reached a point at which it fairly commands the admiration of the world. And the credit of having been responsible for this splendid achievement surely outweighs whatever incidental discredit may attach to such features in the performance of the work as have been mentioned.

Our subject at present, however, is not the Columbian Exposition as a whole, but its non-material aspect: the appeal which it is to make to taste and intelligence, the extent to which it is likely to represent the interests of thought and culture. In a certain sense, of course, a material exhibit makes an intellectual appeal; the exhibited thing embodies the thought of its maker, and that thought is really what we recognize and appreciate. But this is only a metaphysical subtlety that tends to do away with a real and important practical distinction. We all know what is meant by the intellectual and æsthetic tastes, and we all know that they are not gratified, to any considerable extent, by exhibits of cattle and of machinery, by either the processes or the products of manufacturing. These things are all of the utmost importance in their way, but they do not engage the higher faculties. Their interest for most people has a predominant element of prac-

ticality, and the practical is what we do not now wish to consider. Walt Whitman would doubtless, could he view it, find intellectual stimulus in the exhibit of manufactures, and the inscription "Tin Ware, Enamelled Ware, Hardware, etc.," carved above the portal of the Manufactures Building, might find its way *verbatim* into the work of such a poet. But the majority of on-lookers at the manufacturing and agricultural and transportation displays will view them about as they would view a well-filled shop-window, and carry away about the same sort of impressions.

What, then, will be the reward of a visitor to the exhibition over and above the satisfaction of his curiosity about matters that bear upon his practical interests? Many things would have to be said to afford anything like an adequate answer to this question, and we can attempt but a few of the more important. In the first place, he will have an almost unparalleled opportunity for what Pope called "the proper study of mankind." Humanity, numerous and varied, will greet his eye, not only in the throngs of visitors bent, like himself, upon pleasure, but also in the race groups of Cairenes and Esquimaux, of Japanese and South Sea islanders, forming part of the exhibition, and displaying their costumes, their customs, and their manner of life. So instructive a lesson in cosmopolitanism will alone repay a long journey. Then there will be the view of the grounds themselves and all that they contain; the noble architecture of the buildings, studied in detail or seen down the long vistas opened by the lagoons; the resources of the landscape gardener's art, displayed in graceful arrangement of flower and tree, of grassy lawn and shadowed walk, of wooded island and lily-covered lake; and, flanking all this rich and varied beauty, the great inland sea, wonderful whatever its mood, making this exhibition unique among all with which comparison may be sought. Then there will be works of sculpture, among others the colossal figure of the Republic and the great central fountain; galleries of paintings, and halls where, at almost any hour of the day, choral or orchestral music may be heard. Finally, in the soft summer evenings, when the buildings are closed, but illuminated without by countless thousands of electric lamps, and when strains of music, borne over lake and shore, fill the air, many a weary sight-seer will think these hours the best of all, as the mingled beauty of sight and sound casts its spell upon him, and he yields himself to its subduing influence.

We have thus far spoken only of the æsthetic features of the exhibition, or of those features which at least associate the sense of beauty with the perceptions of the intellect. The strictly intellectual aspect of the undertaking remains to be discussed. On the grounds themselves this aspect will be illustrated in many minor ways, but chiefly in the building devoted to the interests of Education. Not long ago, it seemed as if the list of mistakes to be charged

against the management were to include an inexcusable neglect of educational affairs. The space originally assigned for their exhibit was so reduced by the constant pressure of manufacturing interests, that it became utterly inadequate for its purpose. Fortunately, the educators of this country are an energetic body of men and women, not disposed calmly to accept treatment so manifestly unfair, and they made a protest so strong as to be effective. It was threatened to withdraw the educational exhibit altogether unless suitable space were provided, and this threat has resulted in the tardy decision to do what should have been planned from the start—to erect a special Educational building. If properly managed, no exhibit will exceed in importance that which this building, of which we are now reasonably assured, will contain. It will not, of course, be an exhibit of the actual work of education (although so preposterous a suggestion has been made), but will illustrate in the greatest possible detail the educational methods of all kinds of schools in every country of importance. A comparative display of this sort is much needed in a country which has hitherto been content to establish schools in great numbers, but has not taken much pains to make them conform to pedagogic requirements of the more refined sort. The fullest expression, however, of the intellectual side of the exhibition will be found, not in the grounds of the exhibition proper, but in the heart of Chicago, and in the building now rising there upon the Lake Front. In establishing the World's Congress Auxiliary, the management has done something hitherto unattempted in connection with a universal exhibition. "Not things, but men" is the motto of the Auxiliary, and exactly describes its purpose. Under its auspices representatives of every department of thought will assemble in a series of congresses, to which the public will be admitted as far as practicable, and will discuss the problems that still await solution, as well as those that have succumbed to the onward march of thought. To sum up the achievements of the intellect to date, and to indicate the lines of future progress, is the ambitious programme of the Auxiliary, and its various congresses promise to bring together from all parts of the world an assemblage of scholars that will be quite as notable in its way as the collection of material things made by the exhibition proper. Upon nearly every day of the six months there will be fifty or more meetings, large and small, in the great Auxiliary Building; meetings of specialists in various departments for discussion of the subjects which they represent. More detailed account of the work planned by the Auxiliary must be reserved for a future article; we will here content ourselves with saying that this part of the general work of the exhibition is that which comes most distinctly within the province of *THE DIAL*, and that to it we intend to devote a considerable share of our attention during the coming year.

TENNYSONIANA.

More than one volume might be made of the various tributes to Tennyson, in prose and verse, that have already been called forth by his death, and the volumes would be of no mean value, either as criticism or as poetry, if some care were taken in the selection of their contents. We have collected (mostly from the English papers) a few of the more noteworthy of these tributes, and here offer them to our readers.

"The Saturday Review" bears the following weighty testimony to the rank of the dead Laureate among English poets:

"The death of the Poet Laureate is something more than a momentous national event. It is an event the like of which has not yet occurred in this country within the memory of any but very old men, and does not seem likely to repeat itself even in the lives of the youngest among us. Seventy years have elapsed since the last English poet entitled to rank with Lord Tennyson as a singer passed away; and if we may admit that any voice of equal sweetness is still unsilenced among us, we shall hardly assert that in range and compass, in variety of modulation, in 'sympathetic' quality, it will bear comparison with that which death has so lately hushed. To the great majority of Englishmen, therefore, the melancholy event of Thursday last is an absolutely new experience, and one with which the people of any nation may for long periods together remain unacquainted. They now know what it is to witness the extinction of one of those beacon-lights of humanity which often remain unkindled for generations, and, when extinguished, leave as long a darkness behind them. The illuminant has in this case burned so long, and with so steady a power, that we have been apt to take its rays for granted; and the loss, though it will be felt with the more suddenness of shock on that account, will be in its first freshness, perhaps, the less easily measured. It will take some little time to accustom us to the thought that the one great English poet of our age—the one poet of the last three-quarters of a century whose place is clearly and indisputably among the Immortals—has been taken from us."

Mr. Joseph Jacobs, writing in the London "Academy," says of Tennyson's later work:

"Since Sophocles there has been nothing in all literature like that St. Martin's Summer of Tennyson's muse. The old age of Goethe was devoted to science; the vital portions of the second part of 'Faust' were written years before they were published. The vigor and virility of the volume of 'Ballads,' the 'Teiresias' volume, the 'New Locksley Hall,' and the 'Demeter' volume were astounding; 'Rizpah,' 'Vastness,' 'The Ballad of the Revenge,' 'Teiresias,' to mention some of the more striking, were achievements of the first order in poetic force. There was no want of the rush of inspiration behind the verse; there was rugged vigor, sublime incoherence. The metrical forms could no longer bear the fulness of the poetic fervor. There was no over-niceness of precision, even the metre had grown less smooth, more Michaelangelesque. It was as if the frost of old was sending spikes of ice across the surface of the stream of verse."

The most important article yet evoked by the

death of Tennyson is doubtless that contributed to "The Athenæum" by Mr. Theodore Watts, who knew and loved the dead poet. Speaking of Tennyson's charm, he says:

"It lay in a great veracity of soul—in a simple single-mindedness so childlike that unless you had known him to be the undoubted author of his exquisitely artistic poems, you would have supposed that even the subtleties of poetic art must be foreign to a nature so devoid of all subtlety as his. Homer, you would have said, might have been such a man as this, for Homer worked in a language which is Poetry's own voice. But Tennyson works in a language which has to be moulded into harmony by a myriad subtleties of art."

The following passage is of value as correcting a common misunderstanding concerning Tennyson:

"What has been called his exclusiveness is entirely mythical. He was the most hospitable of men. It was very rare indeed for him to part from a friend at his hall door or at the railway station without urging him to return as soon as possible, and generally with the words, 'Come whenever you like.' The fact is, however, that for many years the strangest notions seem to have got abroad as to the claims of the public upon men of genius. There seems now to be scarcely anyone who does not look upon any man who has passed into the purgatory of fame as his or her common property. The unlucky victim is to be pestered by letters upon every sort of foolish subject, and to be hunted down in his walks and insulted by senseless adulation. Tennyson resented this, and so did Rossetti, and so ought every man who has reached eminence and respects his own genius."

Of a biography of Tennyson, Mr. Watts says:

"There is but one man who is fully equipped for such an undertaking, and fortunately that is his own son—a man of great ability, of admirable critical acumen, and of quite exceptional accomplishments."

One or two American selections may be included in this collection. The Rev. Henry Van Dyke opens an article in the New York "Critic" as follows:

"Not of the man, whose death has brought sorrow to so many hearts, but of the poet, whose songs have brought comfort to so many sorrows, I am to write today. Yet one word must be said, in simple justice, of the harmony between the poet and the man. There was no double personality in Tennyson; there was no discrepancy between his character and his work. He was genuine and sincere. He kept his life clean and high, he guarded it from the distracting influences of rivalry and partisanship and worldly strife, in order that he might 'do his work as quietly and as well as possible.' He was like a man who receives precious seed and devotes all his care to providing it with good ground and a serene air to grow in. He dwelt apart from artificial society in order that he might keep near to nature and to real humanity. Few men are fortunate enough to be able to do this; fewer still are wise and brave enough to resolve to do it. Two in our century, Wordsworth and Tennyson, have had the courage to live entirely for poetry, and have found in it their exceeding great reward."

"It would be a vain thing to claim that all of Tennyson's work is of equal worth; that would be highly improbable. It would be idle to say that all of it will en-

dure the test of time and live in other ages; that is impossible. Elsewhere I have tried to make a careful and comparative study of his poetry and to form some estimate of its value as a whole. But what I want to say now is simply this: Tennyson has left behind him a body of poetical work which has enduring qualities, and which seems to me in general excellence, in truth, in beauty, in the lofty level of its art, to be surpassed by the work of only two other English poets."

The following extract is from an interview with Mr. E. C. Stedman, published in the New York "Tribune," and answers, if it requires any answer, a common but very foolish question:

"In spite of my extreme Americanism and republicanism, I confess that I have never been able to comprehend why some of our most honored literary friends have deplored his acceptance of an hereditary title—have declared that it lessened either his independence or his greatness. For Tennyson was not a democrat, but a liberal conservative. He was not a republican, but a constitutional monarchist; not an American, but an Englishman. All that he was, he was by birth, breeding, conviction. As a liberal yet conservative Englishman, attached to the Government of his own realm, why should he not accept the highest mark of eminence which the realm could bestow upon him? Why should not a poet be the founder of his house, under the system to which his countrymen are loyal, as well as a soldier or a statesman? The acceptance of a title, snobbish and disloyal as it would be on the part of an American, was perfectly consistent with Tennyson's self-respect as an Englishman, a Laureate, and a constitutional monarchist."

In making a selection from the many tributes in the form of verse, we are confronted by an embarrassment of wealth, and do not need to draw upon the poor stuff that was sent to the newspapers by such possible—or rather impossible—laureates as Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. Lewis Morris, and Mr. Robert Buchanan. Mr. Theodore Watts, who has before dedicated several beautiful sonnets to his friend, includes the following in the "Athenæum" article already quoted from:

"A friend of his, who, visiting him on his birthday, discovered him thus standing at the door to welcome him, has described his unique appearance in words which are literally accurate at least:—

"A poet should be limned in youth, they say,
Or else in prime, with eyes and forehead beaming
Of manhood's noon—the very body seeming
To lend the spirit wings to win the bay;
But here stands he whose noontide blooms for aye,
Whose eyes, where past and future both are gleaming
With lore beyond all youthful poets' dreaming,
Seem lit from shores of some far-glittering day."

"Our master's prime is now—is ever now;
Our star that wastes not in the wastes of night
Holds Nature's dower undimmed in Time's despite;
Those eyes seem Wisdom's own beneath that brow,
Where every furrow Time hath dared to plough
Shines a new bar of still diviner light."

"The Athenæum" also publishes some verses by Mr. Austin Dobson, simple, exquisite, and true.

"Grief there will be, and may,
When King Apollo's bay
Is cut midwise;
Grief that a song is stilled,
Grief for the unfulfilled
Singer that dies.

"Not so we mourn thee now,
Not so we grieve that thou,
Master, art passed,
Since thou thy song didst raise,
Through the full round of days,
E'en to the last.

"Grief there may be, and will,
When that the singer still
Sinks in the song;
When that the winged rhyme
Fails of the promised prime,
Ruined and wrong.

"Not thus we mourn thee — we —
Not thus we grieve for thee,
Master and Friend;
Since, like a clearing flame,
Clearer thy pure song came
E'en to the end.

"Nay — nor for thee we grieve
E'en as for those that leave
Life without name;
Lost as the stars that set,
Empty of men's regret,
Empty of fame.

"Rather we count thee one
Who, when his race is run,
Layeth him down
Calm — through all coming days
Filled with a nation's praise,
Filled with renown."

The lion's share of Tennysonian poetry has fallen to "The London Illustrated News," which publishes verses by Mr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. William Watson. Here are Mr. Garnett's lines:

"Wouldst know my place and stature among men?
Answered be thou as he who asks of Wren,
And reads engraven on the sacred ground,
'Seeker, thou needest but to look around.'
Thou, though with sight discomfited, survey
The various vision of Victoria's day;
New thoughts, new arts, new laws, new lore behold,
Yet the same mind indwelling as of old;
All in my song's vast harmony embraced,
The new enthroned, nor yet the old displaced;
Fields to thy view by hosts contending trod
Calm unto mine as to the eye of God;
Set then my soul that spacious scene beside,
And by its measure mine be certified;
I through the Spirit of that world alone,
He through me only truly to be known."

Mr. Lang's verses, which we next reproduce, have an apologetic strain that their beauty makes quite unnecessary. They are entitled "A Plea for Silence."

"Silence! 'The best' (he said) 'are silent now'
That younger bearer of the laurel bough,
Who with his Thyriss, kindred souls divine,
Harps only for Sicilian Proserpine;
For Arnold died, and Browning died, and He —
The oldest, wisest, greatest of the three —
Dies, and what voice shall dirge for Him to-day?
For the Muse went with Him the darkling way,
And left us mute. Peace! who shall rhyme or rave?
The violet blooms not on the new-made grave,

And not in this first blankness of regret
Are eyes of men who mourn their Master wet.
New grief is dumb: Himself through many a year
Withheld the need of His melodious tear,
When Hallam slept. But no! The moment flies,
And rapid rhymers, when the Poet dies,
Wait punctual, and prompt, and unafraid,
In copious instant ditties ready made.
Oh, peace! Ye do but make our loss more deep,
Who wait above His unawaking sleep."

But Mr. Watson's poem seems to us the best of all, and we only regret that its length is such as to permit of quotation but in part. It is entitled "Lachrymæ Musarum," and we reproduce the opening and the close.

"Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head:
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead.

"Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
And soon the winter silence shall be ours:
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

"The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer.
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay:
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil shalt thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive;
While to the measure of the cosmic rime
For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,
And heed no more the hum of idle praise
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,
Master who crown'st our immelodious days
With flower of perfect speech."

A PROSE DITHYRAMB BY RENAN.

The following composition, published in Renan's "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse" (1883), but there stated to have been written at some earlier date, is a characteristic example of the author's genius on its poetic side, and, at the same time, an illustration of some of the leading ideas of his philosophy. It is also (in the original) a beautiful, although not a typical, example of Renan's style,

and it is hoped that some suggestion of its poetic quality has been transferred into the English text here for the first time printed:

Prayer that I Uttered upon the Acropolis when I had Attained to the Comprehension of its Perfect Beauty:

O Nobility! O beauty simple and true! goddess whose worship signifies reason and wisdom, thou whose temple is an eternal lesson in fidelity and sincerity, I come late to the threshold of thy mysteries, I bring to thy altar much remorse. It has cost me endless toil to find thee. The initiation that thou, by a smile, didst confer upon the Athenian at birth, I have won it by the stress of thought, at cost of prolonged effort.

I was born, blue-eyed goddess, of barbarian parents, among the good and virtuous Cimmerians who dwell upon the shore of a sombre sea, rugged with rocks, storm-beaten ever. The sun is hardly known there; the flowers are sea-mosses, algae, and the colored shells found in the recesses of solitary bays. There the clouds seem colorless, and even joy is a little sad, but springs of cold water flow from the rocks, and the eyes of maidens are like those green pools in which, upon a background of undulating grasses, is mirrored the sky.

My fathers, for as far back as we can go, were devoted to distant journeyings in seas unknown of thy Argonauts. I heard, when I was young, the songs of polar voyages; I was cradled among memories of floating icebergs, of milky fog-wrapped seas, of isles peopled with birds that sing in their season, and, all taking flight together, darken the heavens.

Of an alien cult, sprung from the Syrians of Palestine, the priests took charge of my youth. These priests were wise and holy. They taught me the long tale of Cronos, who made the world, and of his son, who sojourned, it is said, upon earth.

Their temples are thrice higher than thine, O Eurhythmia, and like unto forests; but they are not substantial; they fall into ruins after five or six hundred years; they are phantasies of barbarians, who imagine that things may be well done by other rules than those by thee laid down to thy inspired, O Reason. But these temples pleased me; I had not studied thy divine art; I found God in them. Songs were sung in them that I remember yet: "Hail, star of the sea,—queen of those who weep in this vale of tears," or these: "Mystic rose, tower of ivory, house of gold, morning star." Why, goddess, when I recall those songs, my heart melts, I almost turn apostate. Forgive me these absurdities; thou canst not picture the charm the barbarian magicians have put into those verses, and how much it costs me to follow the naked truth.

And then, couldst thou but know how hard it has become to serve thee! All nobility has vanished. The Scythians have conquered the world. A republic of free men is no more; there are but kings of a sluggish blood, majesties at which thou wouldst smile. Heavy Hyperboreans call those who serve thee frivolous. A formidable *pambotie*, a league of foolishness, covers the world with a leaden lid, beneath which men stifle. Even those who honor thee, how pitiful to thee they must seem! Dost remember that Caledonian who, fifty years ago, shattered thy temple with hammer-blows, that he might bear it off to Thulé? Thus are they all. I have written, after some of the rules dear to thee, O Theonoe, the life of the young god whom I served in my childhood; they treat me as an Euhemerus; they

write to ask of me what purpose I had in view; they esteem naught save what serves to make fruitful the tables of their money-changers. Yet why, O heavens! do we write the life of the gods if not to make men love the divine that was in them, and to show that this divine lives yet, and will ever live in the heart of humanity?

Dost thou recall that day, under the archonship of Dionysidorus, when a plain little Jew, speaking the Greek of the Syrians, came hither, trod thy courts understanding thee not, read thy inscriptions all awrong, and thought to find within thy inclosure an altar dedicated to the unknown god? Well, that little Jew has triumphed; for a thousand years they have treated thee as an idol, O Truth; for a thousand years the world has been a desert in which no flower might spring. For all that time thou wast silent, O Salpinx, clarion of thought. Goddess of order, image of celestial steadfastness, to love thee was guilt, and now that we have succeeded to-day, by means of conscientious toil, in again drawing near thee, we are charged with crime against the soul of man for breaking the chains that Plato needed not.

Thou alone art young, O Koré; thou alone art pure, O Virgin; thou alone art holy, O Hygeia; thou alone art strong, O Victory. The cities, thou watchest over them, O Promachos; thou hast enough of Mars, O Area; peace is thy goal, O Pacific. Legislatress, source of just constitutions; Democracy, thou whose fundamental dogma is that all good comes from the people, and that, where there is no people to cherish and inspire genius, there is naught, teach us to extract the diamond from the impure mob. Providence of Jupiter, divine worker, mother of every industry, protectress of toil, O Ergane, thou who art the nobility of the civilized laborer, and settest him so far above the indolent Scythian; Wisdom, thou to whom Zeus, after taking deep thought, after drawing a long breath, gave birth; thou who dwellest in thy father, wholly one with him in essence; thou who art his consort and his conscience; Energy of Zeus, spark that kindest and maintainest the fire of heroes and men of genius, make thou us rich in spiritual gifts. That day when Athenians and Rhodians contended for the sacrifice, thou didst choose to dwell with the Athenians, for they were the wiser. But thy father sent Plutus down upon the city of the Rhodians in a golden cloud, for they too had paid homage to his daughter. The Rhodians were rich, but with the Athenians dwelt the Spirit, which is true joy, eternal cheerfulness, the divine childhood of the heart.

The world may be saved but by coming back to thee, by breaking the bonds that link it to barbarism. How fair will be that day when all the cities which have taken the fragments of thy temple, Venice, Paris, London, Copenhagen, shall atone for their thefts, shall organize sacred deputations to restore the fragments they possess, saying: "Forgive us, goddess, it was but to save them from the evil spirits of darkness," and shall once more build up thy walls to the sound of the flute, expiating the crime of the infamous Lysander! Then will they go to Sparta and curse the soil where stood that mistress of dark error, and insult her that she is no more.

Steadfast in thy strength, I will resist my fatal counsellors; the scepticism that makes me doubt the people; the restlessness of mind which, the truth once found, sets me in search of it once more; the fancy that, even when reason has spoken, keeps me from rest. O Ar-

chegetes, ideal made incarnate in the masterpieces of genius, rather will I be the last in thy household than the first elsewhere. Ay, I will cling to the stylobate of thy temple, I will forget every rule but thine, I will be a stylite upon thy columns, my cell shall be upon thy architrave. For thy sake, I will make myself, if I can, intolerant, partial, a still more difficult task. I will love but thee. I will learn thy speech, unlearn the rest. I will be unjust towards what does not concern thee; I will make myself the servant of the least of thy sons. The dwellers upon earth whom thou gavest to Erechtheus, I will exalt them, I will praise them. I will endeavor to love their very faults; I will persuade myself, O Hippias, that they descended from the horsemen who celebrate, high upon the marble of thy frieze, their eternal festival. I will pluck from my heart all that is not reason and pure art. I will cease to cherish my disease, to delight in my fever. Sustain my steadfast purpose, O Giver of Salvation; help me, O thou that savest!

Yet how many are the difficulties I foresee! How many the habits of mind I must change! How many the exquisite memories I must pluck from my heart! I will endeavor, but I am not sure of myself. I have known thee late, perfect beauty. I shall have relapses, moments of weakness. A philosophy, doubtless perverse, has led me to believe that good and evil, pleasure and pain, the beautiful and the hideous, reason and madness, pass into one another by shades as imperceptible as those upon the neck of the dove. Thus it becomes wisdom to love naught, nor to hate aught absolutely. Had one society, one philosophy, one religion possessed absolute truth, that society, that philosophy, that religion would have overcome all others and would alone live to-day. All who, thus far, have believed themselves in the right have but deceived themselves; this we clearly see. May we believe, without the extravagance of madness, that the future will fail to judge us as we judge the past? These are the blasphemies suggested by my profoundly perverted mind. A literature like thine, sane at every point, would to-day bring us only weariness.

Dost thou smile at my frankness? Yes, weariness. We have been corrupted; what is to be done? I will go still farther, orthodox goddess. I will tell thee the depravity of my own heart. Reason and good sense do not suffice. There is poetry in the ice of Strymon and in the intoxication of Thrace. Ages are to come in which thy disciples will be held as disciples of the wearisome. The world is wider than thou thinkest. Hadst thou seen the polar snows and the mysteries of the austral heavens, thy brow, O goddess, ever calm, would not be thus serene; thy broader vision would embrace other kinds of beauty.

Thou art true, pure, perfect; thy marble has no stain; but the temple of Hagia Sophia, which is at Byzantium, that too, with its bricks and plaster, has a divine effect. It images the vault of heaven. It will indeed crumble, but, were thy cella wide enough to contain a throng, it too would crumble.

A mighty flood of oblivion drags us towards a nameless gulf. O Abyss, thou art the one God. The tears of all the peoples are real tears; the dreams of all the wise unfold a share of truth. All is but symbol and dream here below. The gods pass as men, nor were it well that they should be eternal. The faith once held should never be a chain. Our obligation to it is fulfilled when we have enwrapped it with care in the purple shroud of the dead gods.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE ILLS OF AUTHORSHIP.—A STUDY IN LITERARY PATHOLOGY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I feel deeply (as who that has human sympathies must not?) with the ills of authors as lately set forth in your columns, both in the complaints of those whose books remain unread at home, and of those whose sadder fate it is to have their books remain unborn. What, it may well be asked, is the cause of the evils that afflict these unhappy ones, and what the proper remedy? Let me suggest one possible direction for the search.

We often hear it said of the workers in unprofitable fields, that they are victims of the competitive system of industry; that competition has ruined them. Now in what possible calling does this demon of Competition do his deadliest and worst, if not in the calling of authorship? Other workers have to struggle with *living* competition only; but the literary worker, by the very nature of his calling, must compete not alone with the living,—his hardest competition is with the dead. The novelist or poet of to-day must take his chances of public favor not only with his contemporaries, but also with generations of authors who have long since rested from their labors, but whose works—unfortunately for him—have *not* followed them. There is something dreadful in this struggle with dead-and-gone competitors—the man of flesh and blood, with a body demanding food and warmth and clothing while he works, perhaps with the added tragedy of wife and weans to care for, pitted against the author who asks neither promises nor payment, who has no need of food or fire, who has forever “ta’en his wages” and closed his asking palm. It is a conflict of mortals with immortal spirits, as hopeless even though as valorous as those described by Milton. But dreadful as it is, is it not inevitable? and are not such the hard conditions imposed upon the devoted followers of the literary calling—not alone in Chicago, but everywhere? Is there any remedy for the case? Can some means be found for putting an embargo upon repeated editions of old authors, and thus giving freer chance to the new? Shall we try to dissuade or prevent publishers from reprinting endlessly the literary favorites of our fathers and grandfathers, in order that the possible favorites of our own *fin de siècle* may have a little show. Can a public sentiment be awakened in behalf of living authors, sufficient to enact a prohibitory tariff on the works of authors who are dead? Shall the cure come by making legal copyright, now becoming world-wide, time-long as well? Or can some simpler and more heroic way be found, in the suppression or “removal” of publishers who persist in bringing out enticing editions of old books, to the neglect and disadvantage of the new? These are timely questions, for the evil was never greater than at present, when the re-issues of Dickens and Bulwer, of Thackeray and Scott, of Jane Austen and Jane Porter, of Herman Melville and Captain Marryat, of Mrs. Gaskell and (for aught we know) Martin Tupper, flood the book-market and load the dealer’s shelves. Are the publishers wholly to blame for this? Shall they be charged with inhumanity for leaving living authors to starve while they reprint the works of dead ones? Would they not, rather, show themselves unhuman were they to fail to see the advantages of their position—or superhuman if, seeing them, they were able to repress

those raptorial instincts whose play is so essential a factor in successful business, and refuse on "sentimental" or moral grounds to avail themselves of these advantages of their trade? The theme widens with the discussion; and I must be content with having perhaps drawn attention to some of the difficulties of the problem, leaving to others suggestions for its most promising solution.

H. W. E.

St. Louis, October 20, 1892.

MISTAKES ABOUT TENNYSON.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

IN THE DIAL for October 16 there are two or three misstatements concerning Tennyson to which I call attention. You say: "While at the Louth Grammar School, he published, in connection with his brother Charles, 'Poems by Two Brothers' (1827)." Substantially the same statement was made by Edmund Gosse three years ago, in his article on the Laureate's eightieth birthday; and other writers have fallen into the same error. It is worth while, therefore, to have the exact facts known.

Alfred Tennyson became a pupil of Louth Grammar School in December 1816,—to be more exact, at Christmas; he remained there precisely four years, leaving at Christmas, 1820. Nothing in Tennyson's chronology is more definitely and positively settled than this. Professor Church, in Chapter III. of "The Laureate's Country," says: "In 1816 Alfred Tennyson went to the Grammar School of Louth. . . . He remained there till the end of 1820, learning, as far as he remembers, but very little. The substance of his education was given him by his father, a man of large attainments and varied accomplishments, during the following eight years. Much, of course, was self-acquired, for he was always a great reader." It may be said, incidentally, that the Tennyson children were unusually well educated for that time, for their father employed private teachers to give them instruction at the rectory. The rector and his wife were both highly cultured, and carefully attended to the training of their numerous family.

One of the leading Tennyson scholars in England. Mr. C. J. Caswell, of Horncastle, thoroughly investigated the accounts of Alfred's school-days on the ground. He talked with one of the Laureate's first teachers, and consulted the records which still exist. He ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the period of Alfred Tennyson's school life at Louth was four years (1816-1820). Dr. Van Dyke, in his "Poetry of Tennyson" (p. 323, second ed.), gives the same dates.

Although the first edition of "Harold" was dated 1877, it was published in 1876.

The Patent (dated January, 24, 1884), creating Alfred Tennyson, Esquire, a peer of the United Kingdom, is worded as follows: "Baron Tennyson of Aldworth in Sussex, and of Freshwater [not Farringford] in the Isle of Wight."

EUGENE PARSONS.

Chicago, October 25, 1892.

THE DECLINE OF IBSENISM.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A recent copy of the Danish illustrated paper, "Punch," contained a cartoon that is especially suggestive as coming from a Scandinavian country. It represents Ibsen as a Sphinx, with a Ben Butler eye sarcastically cocked in the air, while half-a-dozen pigmies clamber over him,

clipping off pieces with their little geologist's hammers. Beneath is a verse which intimates that the great poet does not quite mean all that his admirers try to get out of his works. One more impression: At the first performance of "Hedda Gabler" at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, the director was compelled to interfere in order to prevent a riot among the audience; while at a rendering of "The Wild Duck" in Rome, six months ago—Ibsen's first appearance in Italy,—the spectators were driven almost wild by the eccentric text.

Ibsen is undoubtedly a great poet; his "Peer Gynt" may perhaps be compared to "Faust," and his "Pretenders" to "Julius Caesar"; but in his latest production he has succeeded so perfectly in concealing his greatness that his most indiscriminating admirers would find it difficult to prove the sanity of the heroine of that dismal drama, to say nothing of that of the author. When a man makes himself ridiculous he is lost. From the moment that Danish after-dinner speakers used the meaningless phrases of Hedda as materials for witticisms, Ibsen's power over the Danes was gone. Ibsen's social reforms may be very desirable from the Ibsen standpoint, but they are not acceptable in this country, however artistically they may be presented. We still cherish an old-fashioned regard for marriage, and most of us prefer more solid comfort and less talk than the Ibsen conception of married life would seem to bring with it. We also have a leaning towards other social customs which the Northern Sphinx appears to find wholly lacking. We still believe that there is some honor in men, some real affection in women. We disapprove of wives that commit forgery to give their husbands a trip South for their health, even though Nora says that a hundred thousand women have done the same; nor can we wholly admire women that marry for no particular reason, and then shoot themselves with their father's revolver in order that they may "die in beauty."

Since this was written the welcome news has come from Copenhagen that Ibsen is at work on a satirical drama of an entirely different character from that of his recent productions. The scene is said to be laid in Copenhagen,—that cheeriest of European capitals,—and the subject-matter to be of a correspondingly bright nature. In his earlier work, "The Comedy of Love," Ibsen showed himself a master of light social satire. If this report of his return to his early love be true, he will live to earn the general recognition and popularity that his skill as a dramatic artist deserves.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

Champaign, Ill., October 22, 1892.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST BOOK.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

IN Mr. Willard's communication under the above caption, in your last issue, 1834 is given as the date of copyright of the book referred to—"The Elements of French Grammar." According to Leon's "Catalogue of First Editions," it was published in 1830; and in the same year was issued "French Exercises, by an Instructor," "Manuel de Proverbs," and "El Serrano de las Alpujarres," the latter published at Brunswick, Maine. In all, Leon mentions ten books issued up to 1833 credited to Longfellow—including "Poems from the U. S. Literary Gazette," issued in 1826, and containing fourteen poems by Longfellow. A. J. BOWDEN.

New York City, October 18, 1892.

THE NEW BOOKS.

A FRENCHMAN AND HIS NOTE-BOOK AT AN ENGLISH COURT.*

When the unique and indispensable Samuel Pepys went home at night he secretly confided in cipher to his note-book his impressions of what he had seen in the day. So, in Pepys's gossiping time, were foreign ambassadors in England (then relatively a *terra incognita* to politer continental nations) wont to write to their kings from day to day scarcely less secretly and circumstantially of English manners, court festivals, civic banquets, court scandals, etc., seasoning the whole with much Pepysian tattle as to subjects now disregarded in ambassadorial reports. As the whimsical Admiralty Clerk recorded for future reference such weighty events as that he had that day kissed his wife or ordered a new puce-colored waistcoat, so did the French or the Spanish ambassador at Charles II.'s court recount for his sovereign at home some fresh instance of insular barbarism, or regale his royal ears with the latest unspeakability touching "Old Rowley" and my Lady Castlemaine or *la belle Stewart*.

Both secrets now lie open: eavesdropping posterity has long been chuckling at Mr. Pepys's key-hole; and the venerable volumes, bound in red morocco and stamped with the royal cipher and crown of the "Correspondence d'Angleterre" at the French Foreign Office, are freely opened to the espials of historian and essayist. Heretofore, authors have treated this rich and various official depository as a mine from which, on occasion, to fish out here and there an apposite fact or citation touching the historical topic they happened to be discussing. Writers like Mignet or Macaulay have drawn thence what scraps and anecdotes they needed to further a view or light up a theme, were it the succession in Spain or the English revolution; but it has not, we believe, heretofore occurred to the hard-pressed book-maker to accept a portion of the secret ambassadorial correspondence of the period as a whole, to publish it altogether as it stands in the original, with due topical classification, and with a connecting thread of editorial comment and elucidation. Such a record has obviously much to commend it. It serves as a

mirror,—clouded and flawed a little, doubtless, by the personal piques, preferences, and limitations of its maker,—in which the reader may view almost at first hand something of the fitting phenomena of a court and period so eminently rich in happenings of the more piquant, one may perhaps say of the more "gamey," savor—a savor for which most of us, if we mean to be perfectly frank with ourselves, will perhaps own to a sneaking relish. The *Memoirs of Court Gramont* and the sprightly narrative of Anthony Hamilton have not been the least salable books in the world. Such a record, too, enables us, as our author notes, to form an estimate of what foreigners of education and with the best means of information wondered at when coming to London; what they considered especially noticeable; and at the same time it gives us an insight into the tastes, the wants, and the curiosities of the royal recipient of the letters; in the present instance, of his Sunlike Majesty Louis Quatorze.

This experiment in bookmaking has been tried by the author (editor, perhaps, is the more fitting term) of the work in hand, Jusserand's "A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.," and with fairly satisfactory results. The book is readable and not too large, piquant yet well within the bounds of Podsnappian propriety, and it has the solid merit of throwing in here and there a fresh touch to our already pretty complete picture of English politics and manners at the time of the Restoration. M. Jusserand has selected for treatment the period (1661–66) covered by the Embassy to England of the Comte de Cominges, the official successor of that Comte d'Estrade whose bloody affray in the London streets with Baron Watteville, the Spanish Envoy, is chronicled by the ubiquitous Pepys, who, siding with the Spanish, notes with delight that "the French were at least four to one in number, and had near one hundred cases of pistols among them; which is for their (the Spaniards') honor forever and the others' disgrace." Mr. Pepys, it may be added, tempers his exultant pæan with the plaint of "having been very much daubed with dirt" on this occasion.

M. Cominges's correspondence, the author thinks, may be taken as a good average sample of the kindred documents preserved at the French Foreign Office, and though the value of his despatches has been well known, only a few extracts have heretofore been published.

* A FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF CHARLES II. From his Unpublished Correspondence. By J. J. Jusserand. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Macaulay made little use of it; and Cominges himself, though he was, according to St. Simón, a man "important tout sa vie," is but little known, the forty-five volumes of Michaut, and the forty-six of the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" passing him over altogether.

Gaston Jean Baptiste de Cominges was the son of Charles de Cominges who died at the siege of Pignerol. His family prided itself upon an immense antiquity, the first of their ancestors known by name being, according to Moreri, Anevius, who is said to have flourished about the year 900. As to this statement the sober St. Simon quietly remarks that "people do not know what they were before the year 1440." A descendant of warriors, Cominges went early to the wars, served with distinction, and was made, in 1644, a lieutenant of the Bodyguards of the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, who entrusted to him more than one commission requiring that mixture of tact and firmness for which he was especially noted. To Cominges it was she applied to have the notorious and popular Broussel, "the idol of the people," removed from Paris during the Fronde agitation — a sufficiently ticklish commission. The determined emissary stopped the old man —

"Without allowing him to eat his dinner or even to resume his shoes which he just taken off, but placed him in a coach and carried him away. A strange thing happened. As they were nearing the palace, the coach broke and Cominges asked ladies who were passing by to lend him theirs, offering his excuses, and assuring them that nothing else than such a case would have induced him to show so much incivility. So he took the quay and reached the St. Honoré Gate."

Such was Cominges to the last and at all junctures, the unswerving, steadfast soldier, yet courteous as swift,—the steel corslet under the doublet of silk; he allowed no Broussel time to dine or to put on his shoes, but while keeping his Broussels well in hand, he never forgot the duties of etiquette. In the intervals of duty Cominges found time to study, and he enjoyed at court the reputation of a man of thought and knowledge as well as of a good swordsman and a skilful guitarist. We hear of him fighting a duel in 1639.

"M. de Richefons," wrote Chaplain, author of "La Pucelle," to the Marchioness de Flamarens, "has fought for the second time against M. de Cominges, and this time has received two mortal wounds. He has, however, had four days' time to prepare himself to his death and beg pardon to God for his sins. The quarrel was an irreconcilable one, that could only be ended by the death of one of the two."

So endowed, and an equally acceptable com-

panion in times of peace and war, Cominges found no difficulty in pleasing the beautiful Sibyll d'Amalbi, a Penelope in point of suitors, whom he married in 1643. Sibylle became famous as the "Césonie" of the *Précieuses* group, and is celebrated by Somaize in his "Dictionnaire des Précieuses":

"Césonie is a Court *Précieuse*. She is very witty; she has a fine throat; she sometimes uses Hesperian produce (i. e., Spanish paint). She likes the play; she does not keep a regular *alcove*, for court ladies do not follow rules in this matter."

At a time when literary portraits were in fashion, when Mdlle. de Scudéry, Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de la Fayette, and all the rest of the witty fine ladies of the day, rivalled each other in drawing them, Césonie would not fail of portrayal; and we learn from a sketch made of her under the name of Emilie that she was not tall, but so perfect in her proportions that it is not possible to conceive how she could look better if taller. "She has such a pretty childish look and touching little ways that it is an impossibility not to love her." Her nose is thin and straight; her hair, somewhat loose, "of the finest color in the world" (the reader may choose). The whiteness of her complexion "Mixes so delicately with the pink of her cheeks that this masterpiece of nature has sometimes been suspected [one remembers regretfully the "Hesperian produce"]; but as she reddens in society, it is easy to understand that, if the red were of her own making, she would arrange so as not to be troubled with it out of time."

At the time when M. Jusserand's recital begins, Cardinal Mazarin had just died (March 9, 1661); Louis XIV., aged twenty-two, had assumed the reins of government, and the Stuart line had recently been established in England. Both kings were young, intelligent, and popular, both had a brilliant court of able men, fine courtiers, and beautiful women, and both were fond of worldly pleasures. But here the resemblance ceased. Charles's greatness, such as it was, had been thrust upon him; that of Louis was, in a considerable degree, his own achievement. The one, from his youth up, meant to be a king; the other never cared to be one beyond that point where royal pleasures and privileges exceed those of other men. Louis was, even as a youth, writing of his precedence and his flag in the same tone of deep-set resolution that Charles used in asserting the rank and privileges of Lady Castlemaine. This point is well illustrated by an extract from the correspondence of each prince, furnished by our author:

"Whosoever I find endeavoring," wrote Charles to

Clarendon, "to hinder this resolution of mine (to appoint the Castlemaine a lady of the Queen's bedchamber) . . . I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you. If you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of, for I am resolved to go through with this matter let what will come of it, and whomsoever I find to be my Lady Catslemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live."

In the same determined strain, but with a different end, Louis was writing to his ambassador in England:

"The point I most especially noticed in your dispatch is how neither the king, my brother, nor his advisers, do know me well as yet; else they would not assume a firmness and hauteur in their attitude bordering upon threats. There is no power under heaven that can make me move one step on such a path. . . All the Chancellor can put forward is nothing for me as compared to a *point d'honneur*, connected, were it ever so slightly, with the fame of my crown. Far from taking into account, in such a case as this, what may become of the states of others, such as Portugal, I will be found ready to put mine own in jeopardy, rather than tarnish by any faint-heartedness the glory which I am seeking in all things as the principal aim of all my actions."

Through life, though Louis was not without his La Vallière and his Montespan, and though Charles had his William Temple and his Triple Alliance, they remain to the end such as they appear at their *début*, in these two letters; the one ready to jeopardize his crown for the glory of France, for the *point d'honneur*, the other for the dignity of the titled demirep of the hour.

Cominges reached London on December 23, 1662 (O. S.), and from that day began a double, one may say a treble correspondence,—an official one with the King, a more familiar one with the Foreign Secretary, Lionne; and there are scraps of a third, containing only court news, directed to the King, but not in his kingly capacity. Cominges, as official letter writer, had no sinecure. Louis's appetite for business was as voracious as Charles's for pleasure; and we accordingly find him asking his emissary for detailed reports concerning English Parliaments, navy, currency, religion, wars,—even literature. The last topic was a difficult one for Cominges, who, though well versed in Latin and in the classics of his own country, knew absolutely no English. He gives, for instance, the London address of one M. Aymé, as "Rue Rose Straet," evidently not suspecting that *Rue* and *street* had a similar meaning. The familiar names of Buckingham, Monmouth, Lauderdale, Peterborough, Fitzhardin, Windsor, Bristol, Kensington, Hamp-

ton Court, Quakers, Woolwich, Tunbridge, Jennings, masquerade respectively in his despatches as Boquinquan, Momous, Ladredel, Pitrebaro, Fichardin, Oüindsor, Bristau, Quinzinton, Omtonecourt, Coaquiers, Wlidge, Tonnebriche, and *la petite* Genins. From the author of these hardy linguistic attempts (of which "Coaquiers" is a notable specimen) one would scarcely expect a very lucid or comprehensive view of English literature; and the following is his reply to the royal question on this point:

"The order I receive from your Majesty to gather carefully information concerning the more illustrious men of the three kingdoms of which Great Britain is made, is a mark of the grandeur and loftiness of your soul. . . . It seems that arts and sciences do entirely leave one country sometimes to go and adorn another in its turn. They appear at present to have chosen France as their abode; and if some traces of them are to be discovered here, it is only in the memory of Bacon, Morus, and Buchanan, and in later times of a man called Miltonius (un nommé Miltonius) who has rendered himself more infamous by his noxious writings than the very tormentors and assassins of their King. I will not fail, however, to collect information with great care, and I will do it the more willingly, as nothing in the world seems to me more worthy of your Majesty."

Thus did our explorer of the unknown waste of English letters fail, long before Voltairean days, of discovering Shakespeare—though, as the author points out, there was at this very time a neglected copy of the works of the master dramatist in the library of the "Sun-King" himself. M. Jusserand has seen a slip, penned by Nicholas Clément, *bibliothécaire royal*, in which this rude Gothic writer (in whose "enormous dungheap" the sharp-sighted Voltaire discerned "a few pearls"), is thus leniently specified:

"Will Shakespeare, poeta anglicus. . . . This poet has a fine imagination; his thoughts are natural, his words ingeniously chosen, but these happy qualities are obscured by the dirt (*par les ordures*) he introduces in his plays."

M. Cominges was commendably fond of the society of illustrious men. Besides the dinner parties with Charles and his royal brother and the beautiful Castlemaine, he was pleased to entertain the more interesting of the philosophers and savants—people with whom it was possible to discuss politics in the abstract and to quote with theoretical approval the example of the men of antiquity. We see thus at his table the ingenious Huygens van Zuylichem, inventor of the pendulum clock, and the great Thomas Hobbes, the Sage of Malmesbury—forthwith transformed by his Gallic host into "M. d'Hobbes." The author of the

"Leviathan," Cominges patronizes particularly, finding him a useful "bonhomme," worthy to be enrolled among Louis's servants as a sound defender of the rights of kings. He even appeals for a pension for Hobbes, and desires that it be delivered through his own hands:

"In two days Messieurs de Zuylichem, d'Hobbes, and de Sorbières are going to dine at my house; we will not fail to speak of you (Lionne) after we have eulogized our master. The bonhomme, Mr. Hobbes, is in love with his Majesty's person; we never meet without his asking me a thousand questions about him. He always concludes with exclamations and with appropriate wishes for the King. As his majesty has often shown an intention to do good to this sort of people, I will venture to say that he will never have a better occasion than this. Mr. Hobbes may truly be called *Asserter Regum*, as his works show. As for our own sovereign, he has made him his hero. If all this could obtain for him some gift, I beg that I might be the means. I will know how to make the most of it; and I believe that never will any favor have been better placed."

That Zuylichem and Sorbières became fellow-pensioners with his erotic Majesty Charles Stuart upon the bounty of Louis, is certain; but there is no such record in the case of "M. d'Hobbes."

Having commented upon M. Cominges's ignorance of the tongue of the country to which he was accredited, it is perhaps fair to note here that Lord Holles, the English Envoy in France, was in a scarcely better plight as to French, as the following story indicates:

"Holles's French was not of the best sort, and the mistakes of the grave Presbyterian were a source of amusement at the English Court. He writes once that the French Queen has given birth to 'a Moorish girl,' which creates great wonder. The wonder is altered into laughter when it is ascertained that having heard that Maria Theresa had been delivered of a 'fille morte,' Holles had misunderstood it for a 'fille maure.'" Thus, to Cominges also, "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

Louis was too addicted to pleasure not to enjoy tattle of the curious doings among the fair ladies and gallants of his "brother's" court; and we find in Cominges's pages frequent mention of Mlle. Stewart, Mlle. de Hamilton, Madame Middleton, and other Paphian beauties whose portraits now languish upon the walls at Hampton Court. His statements confirm the impression one gets of the court from the canvasses of Lely and the pages of Gramont and Pepys. Charles is the same good-humored prince—with a dash of the Yahoo—hating business and trouble, greatly enjoying his dance, his walk, his ride, "sad to death when the Queen is in danger, happy as an angel when the Castlemaine smiles." Miss Stewart is "one of the most

beautiful girls and one of the most modest" (despite the fact that "her star is rising") "to be seen." Gramont "follows his usual style of life. He sees the ladies at the lawful hours, and a little at the forbidden ones, . . . continuing his gallantries as is his wont—that is, making much noise and little progress."

Among these lighter people "le Générale" Monk makes his appearance—and not very much to his credit. Cominges is chiefly struck by the unparalleled splendor of his drinking capacities. On one occasion, at a dinner given by the Earl of Oxford, the company—

"Having been warmed by their morning and after-dinner doings, each resolved to see his companion a-ground. The General, who is endowed with a strong head, struck a master stroke; he presented to each a goblet of the deepest. Some swallowed the contents, and some not; but all peaceably remained where they were till the following morning without speaking to each other, though in the same room. Only the General went to Parliament as usual, with his mind and his thoughts nothing impaired."

The value of M. Jusserand's book is enhanced by its material attractiveness, the portraits—including Cominges, Louis XIV., Lady Castlemaine, Lady Hamilton, etc.,—being notably good.

E. G. J.

THOREAU'S SEASONS.*

The Journal of Henry D. Thoreau, under the patient and loving eye of its editor Mr. Blake, has yielded a reflection of the revolving year as it pursues its course under the sober skies of New England. It is, however, the year of Thoreau, the New England landscape in its varying aspects as the mind of the one who perhaps saw it best and loved it most reproduced it. This year is therefore more than the merely natural one; it has added to it the light and charm that come from the imagination most akin to it and best able to give it expression in fit and permanent words.

No man ever had a more devoted literary executor. Mr. Blake has done his work with the perfection which arises from a friendship that is as rare as it is worthy of admiration. He has added volume after volume to the collection of Thoreau's writings, which appeal to an audience, not as large as it ought to be, but eager, earnest, and attentive. The Journal has not been exhausted, and it is to be expected that other volumes are yet to come.

* AUTUMN. From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. D. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Blake says that his own interest in Thoreau's Journal is "in the character and genius of the writer, rather than in any account of the phenomena of nature." It will be found difficult to detach the one from the other. Thoreau was so close to the Nature which he described, and lived so deeply in it, that to have an interest in the one is to have an interest in the other. "Our thoughts," says Thoreau, "are the epochs in our lives; all else is but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here." Nevertheless the journal of the winds has such a value for him that it becomes in a measure a substitute for his own.

The volume on Autumn displays that same mixture of the closest observation of the outer fact, with a constant dwelling upon an inner illumination which transcends the fact, that we must always expect in Thoreau. All facts, too, whether of the world of things or of the world of ideas, appear here to have the same importance, and are made to stand forth in equal prominence. Perhaps such an equating of thoughts and perceptions belongs of necessity to a journal; and yet one might suppose that insights would emerge whose largeness could throw them into relief, and aspects of the visible scene would unroll themselves whose vividness could give them a certain precedence. The judicial tone is preserved throughout. There is a sober reticence which does not allow of any high raptures, but which sometimes gives to the trivial a magnitude that borders on the burlesque. Witness the story of the mouse and the cock:

"Min [Thoreau's cat] caught a mouse, and was playing with it in the yard. It had got away from her once or twice, and she had caught it again; and now it was starting off again, as she was complacently watching it with her paws tucked under her, when her friend, Riorden's stout cock, stepped up inquisitively, looked down at it with one eye, turning its head, then picked it up by the tail, gave it two or three whacks on the ground, and giving it a dextrous toss in the air, caught it in its open mouth, and it went, head foremost and alive, down its capacious throat in the twinkling of an eye, never again to be seen in this world; Min all the while, with paws comfortably tucked under her, looking on unconcerned. What matters it one mouse, more or less, to her? The cock walked off amid the currant bushes, stretched his neck up and gulped once or twice, and the deed was accomplished. Then he crowed lustily in celebration of the exploit. It might be set down among the *Gesta gallorum*."

There are passages of description which are so full of color and warmth that they seem hardly a part of the autumn season, and indeed lead one to suppose that the tropics had left their appropriate location and migrated to the

rather unpropitious hillsides of a cooler latitude. Here is one of them:

"The witch hazel here is in full blossom on this magical hillside, while its broad yellow leaves are falling. Some bushes are completely bare of leaves, and leather-colored they strew the ground. It is an extremely interesting plant, an October and November child, and yet reminds one of the very earliest spring. Its blossoms smell like the spring, like the willow catkins. By their color as well as their fragrance they belong to the saffron dawn of the year, suggesting amid all these signs of autumn, falling leaves and frost, that the life of nature by which she eternally flourishes is untouched. It stands here in the shadow on the side of the hill, while the sunlight from over the top of the hill lights up its topmost sprays and yellow blossoms. Its spray, so pointed and irregular, is not to be mistaken for any other. I lie on my back with joy under its boughs. While its leaves fall, its blossoms spring. The autumn, then, is indeed a spring. All the year is a spring."

Here is an extract with whose philosophy one may not be in entire accord, but which nevertheless opens the gates into a wide field for speculation to wander over:

"A part of me, which has reposed in silence all day, goes abroad at night like the owl, and has its day. At night we recline and nestle, and infold ourselves in our being. Each night I go home to rest. Each night I am gathered to my fathers. The soul departs out of the body, and sleeps in God, a divine slumber. As she withdraws herself, the limbs droop and the eyelids fall, and Nature reclaims her clay again. Man has always regarded the night as ambrosial and divine. The air is then peopled, fairies come out."

And here we have the inevitable utterance, half supercilious, and somewhat comical to the reader, of that depreciation of the great labors of mankind in the highest fields of endeavor which we ever find in Thoreau, and in all those persons who cannot quite get along with the world and its various progresses:

"It is only when we forget all our learning that we begin to know. I do not get nearer by a hair's breadth to any natural object, so long as I presume that I have an introduction to it from some learned man. To conceive of it with a total apprehension, I must for the thousandth time approach it as something totally strange. If you would make acquaintance with the ferns, you must forget your botany. Not a single scientific term or distinction is the least to the purpose. . . Who has plotted the steps to the discovery of beauty? You must be in a different state from common. Your greatest success will be simply to perceive that such things are, and you will have no communication to make to the Royal Society."

It is of course not to be supposed that Thoreau or anyone else ever took such a theory seriously. It cuts the ground from under his own feet; and his own books, if it be thoroughly believed, have as little significance as the latest publication of the learned body. Even as biographical details, they become meaningless;

and the monotony of doing the same thing so many times in the same way, or seeing the same thing so many times from the same point of view, gives to these volumes a similarity which might be absent without detracting from their charm.

The writers who have followed Thoreau in the domain which he loved to explore are both less and greater than he. They have not so buried themselves in the object as he has done, they have not deprived themselves deliberately and determinately of such avenues of intelligence leading in divers directions as he did; they have widened their experiences, but they have lost his intensity and reproduction of the immediate impression. It is easy to overvalue the latter achievement, and the men who devote themselves to nature and her description are very apt to do it. To describe nature with power and vividness, and yet to see that she is an instrumentality to ends which transcend her, is an achievement frequent enough with Thoreau; and yet the latter part of the insight and success seemed to him valuable only in its scattered appearances, and not in its wholeness. One must not be satisfied with knowing that the moon is bright and silvery, but must see it so every time it shines in the sky.

The hermit-like man who abandons society and gives himself up to the study of the seasons and their transformations, with the cultivation of himself as an individual conjoined to such study, belongs to the earlier part of the century. The problems of destiny may weigh upon us as heavily, the evils inherent in social arrangements may appear to us as profound and ineradicable; but we do not fly to any solitude to get rid of them. We have learned that we cannot escape from the essential progress of humanity, and in abandoning the institutions of the world we are obliged ultimately to recognize, with some mortifying twinges, that the best part of us, our intellectual life and subsistence, are dependent on the conditions which we have vainly tried to escape. Moreover, nature alone is not a complete palliative to our discontents; she too has her moods and silences and failures to respond, and the inflexibility of her methods and procedures depresses our instinct to action whose law comes not from an exterior potentate, but from ourselves. The Journal of Amiel shows the later tendency of the malcontent. The world of thought is as wide, to say the least, as varied, as solitary, if one sees fit to make it so, as nature.

Thoreau will remain one of the most interesting figures in American literature. Certain tendencies in the Transcendental Movement reached in him their full and logical outcome. He would take nothing for granted; prescription and convention had no power upon him, and were wholly devoid of the terrors usually accompanying them. His was a serene determination to follow the bent of his powers, to allow no obstacle to thwart him, and to give up without regret the ordinary successes which allure most men. The result is a figure, somewhat austere and attenuated, but vigorous and full of health, with senses keenly alert, with an interest in human affairs greater than was to be anticipated, and an easy capacity for ascent into those regions in which the transcendentalist loved to dwell. He shows us how lightly armed one may be, and yet win the battle of life; that abstention is often as good as mastery; that individual culture leads very far; and that the emancipation of the race might perhaps be brought about if everyone genuinely sought his own development. But we cannot fail to remember how dependent all individual culture is upon the labors of other men, and that the task of achieving by omitting the greater difficulties is after all a success not comparable with the one which faces the enemy in all his strength and multitude, and ends by making friends and subordinating to its uses the very antagonists who seemed so formidable. LOUIS J. BLOCK.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CRITICAL FACULTY.*

Matthew Arnold in one of his essays ("A French Critic on Milton"), with that exquisitely keen faculty for hitting off the weak side of things which is equalled only by his sense, both intuitive and trained, for their essential excellences, sets forth the defects of three sorts of old-style criticism, typical, though there represented by the "rhetorical" Macaulay, the "robust" but inflexible Johnson, and the "conventional" Addison. Enjoyment of this brilliant passage deepens into speculation as to whether there might not be found in it the faintest suggestion of one of those things which the most beloved of literary masters delighted in affecting not to understand — a theory. A theory, to wit, of the evolution of criticism, —

* A HISTORY OF ÆSTHETIC. By Bernard Bosanquet, M.A. (Oxon.) New York: Macmillan & Co.

a phrase which brings a smile to those sensitive lips and eyes, so sensitive that the pictured face seems to live and listen; but our little systems must have their day, even systems "based on principles interdependent, subordinate, and coherent." Would it be possible, the question arises, to trace in history a truly continuous and progressive unfolding of the critical faculty? Could the evolution of the human spirit as manifested in man's judgment of his own works, in the refining of both judgment and production by their subtle interaction upon each other and by the reflex of their humanising influence upon the race, be shown to be, in the strict sense, a process of growth, where the new, in springing from and superseding the old, is essentially a constant advance upon it? An affirmative answer, especially as regards the philosophic theory of art, to this rather doubtful question, is the burden of the latest work on aesthetics.

Those who know Mr. Bosanquet's established reputation as a writer on philosophical subjects, as well as the many who learned duly to estimate his rare scholarship through his recent connection with the Plymouth School of Applied Ethics, will understand that his "History of Aesthetic" is one of the books which should stand among the *élite* occupants of their choicest shelves. The work, it should be mentioned, forms the second issue of Mr. J. S. Muirhead's "Library of Philosophy."

It is not necessary to share the author's philosophical position to appreciate his profundity and critical acumen. His evolutionary method, indicated above, being based on the principles of "objective idealism," is rather metaphysical than scientific, in the technical sense. The treatment does not suggest, for instance, that which would be expected from the evolutionary champion Letourneau, or from the author of "The History of Human Marriage." For though the aim of the work, as stated in the introduction, might be called the sociological one "to write the history of the aesthetic consciousness," yet, as Mr. Bosanquet admits (p. 394), he has "to a great extent" followed in the steps of his predecessors Schasler and Carrière in treating the history of the art-sense as "the history of aesthetic philosophy as such." To this metaphysical bias is largely due the fact that the first part of the book is so much the more interesting — to the unregenerate. While Mr. Bosanquet's attitude remains a purely critical one, as in the discussion of ancient and mediæval aesthetic theory, his pages

are brilliant with subtle and original thought; but as soon as he becomes to any considerable extent an advocate of the views he expounds, the book grows to the non-metaphysical mind (to which candor must be reckoned a virtue, since so many more recondite ones are denied it) somewhat trying. Yet, whatever its relation to belief, this sort of thing is always valuable as a form of intellectual gymnastics, which, in this case, Mr. Bosanquet's remarkably lucid and intelligible presentation renders not too severe an exercise.

It would be impossible to give in a small space any adequate analysis of the book, but even a very general outline may indicate its value. After preliminaries and definitions, the subject of Greek theories of the beautiful is thoroughly developed. The fact that Greek criticism regarded art as imitation, not as expression, is dwelt on at length, while "the three connected principles which constitute the framework of Hellenic speculation upon the nature and value of beauty" are formulated as follows: 1, the moralistic principle, which demands that "*morally* the representations of art must be judged, in respect of their content, by the same moral criteria as real life"; 2, the metaphysical principle, which declares that "*metaphysically*, art is a second nature only in the sense of being an incomplete reproduction of nature," and "is a purposeless reduplication of what already was in the world"; and, 3, the æsthetic principle, which maintains that "*æsthetically*, beauty is purely formal, consisting in certain very abstract conditions," summed up in the phrase "unity in variety." The chapters which trace the relations and bearings of these conceptions, with their development in the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophies, are such a perpetual feast of nectared sweets as rarely falls to the lot of the lover of ideas.

Chapters V. and VI., dealing with late Alexandrian and Græco-Roman culture, and with the Middle Ages, are of perhaps equally absorbing interest. The tendency of modern scholarship constantly to extend the beginnings of the Renaissance into a remoter past is here strikingly confirmed. The æsthetic ideas of Dis Chrysostom, Philostratus, and especially Plotinus, make it seem probable that the second and third centuries had within them some germs of the movement whose earliest known blossoms are the French stories which in their present form date from the thirteenth century but in substance are undoubtedly much older. A rather disappointing "comparison of Dante

and Shakespeare in respect of some formal characteristics" closes the history of mediæval art-philosophy. The remaining eight chapters discuss the "problem" and the "data" of modern æsthetic thought, and the treatment of them by modern writers. The æsthetic problem, as presented in its matured form to the mind of Kant, "consisted in the question, How can a pleasurable feeling partake of the character of reason? . . . The problem of general philosophy which gave urgency to the æsthetic issue consisted in the question, How can the sensuous and the ideal world be reconciled?" These questions, whose solution Kant began, have been fully worked out, in Mr. Bosanquet's opinion, in the later objective idealism. The foundations laid by Schiller and Goethe were built upon by Schelling and Hegel, whose work has received its "methodical completion" from the modern æstheticians, Carrière, Schasler, Rosenkranz, Hartmann, and others. "Exact æsthetic," in Schopenhauer, Herbart, Zimmermann, Fechner, and Stumpf, receives a chapter.

The closing pages of the book are devoted to an interesting consideration of modern English art-criticism, and of the present outlook for æsthetics, both theoretical and practical. It is discovered that Mr. Ruskin can, with care, be made to fit into a system; the elastic one, namely, of "concrete idealism," whose famous feature of regarding contradictories as identical must be serviceable in this case. The democratic nature of really living art, both in its higher forms and in the minor artistic crafts, which Ruskin and William Morris have done so much to make clear, is brought out in connection with the present poverty of beautiful production. Mr. Bosanquet is, however, hopeful as regards the future. "In spite of all hostile conditions, man is more human now than ever he was before, and he will find out a way to satisfy his imperious need for beauty." There is no mention of the relation of this question to the burning social problems of the day—an oversight, surely; for how can art be democratic while the people, who should be the creators of beauty, are bound in the treadmill of a grinding industrial system, and the Philistines value art chiefly as handmaid to the great god Expediency?

The note of optimism in the sentence just quoted is characteristic of a general treatment based, as said before, on a conception of the progressive development of art and thought—a conception which, within limits, only a cynic would think of denying; yet Mr. Bosanquet's

remarkably profound sense of continuity, which makes the book intellectually a fascinating study, leads to conclusions difficult to accept in their full force. For, to give a single instance, who that contemplates Greek art in its early splendor, the Parthenon frieze, or the *Edipus* or *Prometheus*, can but feel that, however modern art may have gained in sentiment, it has lost immeasurably in the intellectual mastery of expression? Inadequacy of expression, while it may enrich æsthetic sensation for receptive temperaments by its vague suggestiveness, certainly indicates weakness in the artist who expects his audience to interpret for themselves the idea which he lacks the intellectual power perfectly to grasp and embody. The composition of the Greeks, "which distinguishes their meanest work from that of other men," is something too precious not to be mourned; nor is it easy to feel that the typical excellences of modern art make such loss of little moment. Mr. Bosanquet's study of Aristotle slights a little this central thought of Greek practice and theory—construction. The words of the philosopher, to the effect that the most important element of tragedy is the plot, are perfectly simple in view of this idea; but it is interesting to compare Mr. Bosanquet's labored analysis of the statement with Mathew Arnold's discussion of the same theme in the preface to his poems (1853), or with some of Mr. Pater's utterances on the subject. The contrast is well fitted to shake faith in the philosophic as compared with the critical order of intellect.

Mr. Bosanquet is nevertheless a critic as well as a philosopher, enriching his pages with such golden nuggets as these:

"I doubt whether such disinterested apprehension of floral beauty—so free from moralizing or allegory—as that of the text, 'Consider the lilies of the field,' can be found outside, or prior to, the Christian intelligence."

"And if the playfulness of Horace appears to us, as indeed it is, a feeble thing contrasted with the passion of Sappho, yet we must not forget that there is something noble and civilized—something worthy of Shakespeare—in being able now and again to smile at the terrible love-god."

"And with the love of Nature we must compare its complement and condition—the feeling of city life. The intensification of pastoral sentiment by contrast with the busy splendor of Rome, lending an extraordinary stateliness to the verse which this combined emotion animates, is distinctly mirrored both in Virgil and in Horace. The nineteenth-century dweller in a huge city, whether London or Paris, Berlin or New York, is quite at home in this subtle sense of complementary pleasures, in which the simple charm of country life is really to some extent a foil to the recognition of supreme powers and interests—'res Romanæ perituraque regna'—centred in the city."

"It might be worth while even to raise the question whether the weakness of mediæval science and philosophy was not connected rather with excess of practice than with excess of theory. What we justly stigmatize as the subordination of philosophy to theology is, in other words, a subordination of science to a formulated conception of human welfare, with a strictly mundane if also with a transcendental side. The question is not unimportant, for it indicates that the essence of scholasticism is present, not wherever there is metaphysic, but wherever the spirit of truth is subordinated to any preconceived practical intent, whether mundane or extra mundane."

Mr. Bosanquet's critical perception appears, to mention another detail, in his quoting with approval the exquisite passage in "The Return of the Native" describing the change in the modern sense for landscape beauty. It is time for a generation freely to acknowledge its debt, which owes to Mr. Hardy such an enlargement of the æsthetic horizon, so new an insight into those mysterious and heart-thrilling aspects of nature, which under his touch are composed into a choric setting for the intense pathos of human life.

This "History of Æsthetic" is designed for the benefit not only of "professed students of philosophy," but also of the general reader. If that unfortunate being, who is nowadays expected to feel a mild but intelligent interest in every subject of human inquiry, from Actinism to Zoötomý, inclusive, is not deterred by a somewhat rigid technicality of diction, he will be amply rewarded for the slight strain upon his attention. Most of us find it pleasant to sink back, in our travels, on the cushions of a "palace car," even while an obtrusive luxuriousness of upholstery reminds us that we live in an age of comfort-worshipping materialism; yet there are some, certainly, who can forget even the muscular tax of miles in that interesting English vehicle appropriately known as a brake, when the road lies through Westmoreland or Merionethshire,—a figure which is decidedly unjust to Mr. Bosanquet; for to journey with him and breathe the exhilaration of his penetrative and original thought, a far less arduous exertion is necessary. MARIAN MEAD.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A delightful volume of out-of-door essays.

THE reader who does not happen to know the writings of Mr. Bradford Torrey lacks the acquaintance of an admirable essayist, the quality of whose work will bear comparison with the very best of its class. Mr. Torrey takes his subjects from nature; but he by no means stops with a study of the beauties, animate and inanimate, which she has to present.

He loves the birds and the flowers with a keenness of feeling which only his intellectual affinities can understand; but he loves whatever is fine in the realm of literature as well. If his reading has not been wide it has been close, and the masterpieces that have come down to us through the centuries have taught him to think and to speak with subtle penetration and delicacy. But he is not merely a reflector of other men's good things. He has good things of his own to bring forth, and always in a quiet, modest way, that makes one doubly grateful for them. Naturally, with this there is a strong personal quality given out, and the reader is impressed with the feeling that it would be an even greater privilege to know the man than it is to know the writer. Mr. Torrey's latest book is entitled "The Foot-path Way" (Houghton), the title being suggestive of the road which he, in common with the fraternity of naturalists, finds it most congenial and profitable to saunter along in making his favorite out-door observations. The volume comprises a bundle of papers, one short of a dozen, of very even texture and attractiveness. Two relating to our humming-bird, under the titles of "A Widow and Twins" and "The Male Ruby-Throat," contain original investigations regarding this fascinating little sprite, which are of especial interest to the ornithologist. The same may be said of "Robin Roosts," and, in fact, of each essay in the volume. A single extract from his pages will serve to show the style and character of Mr. Torrey's work. A female humming-bird had been circling around its tiny baby with a peculiar flight, and our author observes: "It was a beautiful act,—beautiful beyond the power of any words of mine to set forth; an expression of maternal ecstasy, I could not doubt, answering to the rapturous caresses and endearments in which mothers of human infants are so frequently seen indulging. Three days afterward, to my delight, I saw it repeated in every particular, as if to confirm my opinion of its significance. The sight repaid all my watchings thrice over, and even now I feel my heart growing warm at the recollection of it. Strange thoughtlessness, is it not, which allows mothers capable of such passionate devotion, tiny, defenseless things, to be slaughtered by the million for the enhancement of woman's charms!"

Rambles and observations of a naturalist.

DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT's new volume of natural-history sketches, entitled "Recent Rambles," is a work on which its publishers (Lippincott) have expended no little pains. There is quite a holiday air about the book, with its heavy pressed paper, clear letterpress, and neat cover. But the illustrations are the praiseworthy feature of the work. Photographs of actual scenes, they reproduce with admirable distinctness passages from forest, meadow, and water, which excite a lively enthusiasm by their beauty. It would seem that the pictorial art could not be carried further to serve all requirements in its association with literature. The story of the book is

epitomized in its title. It is a plain matter-of-fact account of the author's more notable pedestrian excursions during the last two years. He walks abroad with open eye, and so full knowledge of the habits of different wild animals, and of the varying aspects of nature, that he is able to catch and interpret all their movements and changes with quick intelligence. Dr. Abbott does not give the results of prolonged study of any particular species in his volume, but of the swift comprehensive glances at chance objects by the way, which a skilled observer will make during a short ramble undertaken without special aim.

"A Vagrant Chronicle of the Earth and Sky."

ANOTHER "vagrant chronicle of the earth and sky" comes from the pen of Martha McCulloch Williams, and with the well-chosen title "Field-Farings" (Harper). The perusal of a few paragraphs suffices to prove that the author has the insight and the talent for patient and vigilant watchfulness which are the chief gifts in the equipment of the naturalist. But a third essential faculty for whoever would be a successful recorder of his observations,—an easy, unaffected diction,—has not yet been acquired by her. There is too much labor in the construction of her sentences, too frequent a use of coined words, such as *awaiting* and *aglisten*, which, permissible in verse, render prose unbearably stilted.

Salient phases of far-western life and manners.

"THE West from a Car-Window" (Harper) is the collective title of a series of eight papers on some salient phases of far-western life and manners, by Richard Harding Davis, that readers of "Harper's Magazine" will recall with pleasure. The title of the book is an unfortunate one, in that it does scant justice to the really graphic and pithy quality of its contents. Mr. Davis is an alert and eager observer, with an unusually keen eye for local and individual peculiarities; and his stay in western mining camps, army posts, ranches, reservations, etc., was prolonged enough to furnish him with material for a set of outline sketches of frontier types almost as vivid as Bret Harte's fanciful efforts in the same field, and much more accurate. The author's account of the mining camp at Creede is very amusing. Although he did not see the Poker Flat outcasts, the Chesterfieldian Mr. Oakhurst, Yuba Bill, Colonel Starbottle ("Starbuckle" he calls him), and the rest, he did see some sufficiently picturesque blackguards, and hits them off neatly. At the time of Mr. Davis's arrival in Creede there was no lack of social excitement; indeed, the season must have been at its height, as we learn that "there was a prize-fight at Billy Woods's, a pie-eating match at Kernan's, a Mexican circus in the bottom near Wagon Wheel Gap, a religious service at Watrous and Bannigan's gambling house, and the first wedding in the history of the town." The last event was a brilliant one, even for Creede: "The bride was the sister of Billy Woods's barkeeper, and 'Stony'

Sargeant, a faro-dealer at 'Soapy' Smith's, was the groom. A Justice of the Peace performed the ceremony, and Edward DeVinne, the Tramp Poet, offered a few appropriate and well-chosen remarks, after which Woods and Smith, who run rival gambling-houses, out-did each other in the extravagant practice of 'opening wine'." "All of these," adds Mr. Davis with the pardonable pride of a participant, "were prominent citizens." The volume is illustrated with prints from photographs, and some spirited drawings by Frederick Remington.

A blockade runner's story of his adventures.

A VOLUME of the "Adventure Series" (Macmillan) that will especially interest American readers is "The Adventures of a Blockade Runner," by William Watson, author of "Life in the Confederate Army." Mr. Watson was forced to engage in the dangerous traffic that forms the burden of his story, by stress of conditions brought about by the war; and he saw enough of the service, chiefly in small-craft traffic in the Gulf towards the close of hostilities, to give a fairly satisfactory first-hand view of this not unimportant phase of the "late unpleasantness." On one occasion his schooner, the "Rob Roy," was overhauled by the "Alabama." The boarding officer "asked a good deal about New Orleans and the feeling there under Banks, and remarked that he thought it was a great pity they had recalled Butler from New Orleans, as his actions there were doing a great deal of good to the Confederate cause. . . . He then said he supposed that, being such a short time out, we would not be short of provisions? He said his reasons for asking this were, that capturing so many American vessels as they did, which were often loaded with provisions, and as they had no port to take them into, they had to destroy them, taking out of them first whatever they could use or stow away to advantage, so that they were generally overstocked with provisions, and often helped neutral vessels when in need. Although for this they seemed to get very little credit, and he spoke somewhat reproachfully about the bad name which they considered had been unjustly attached to them." The story is told in a modest, straightforward way that speaks for its veracity.

A sensible and useful edition of Goethe's Faust.

WITH the view of promoting and aiding the study of Goethe's masterpiece as a whole, Professor Calvin Thomas of Michigan University has undertaken a two-volume edition of "Faust" (Heath's "Modern Languages"). The first volume is now ready, and the editor promises the second at no very distant date. We take pleasure in commending the scholarly and temperate way in which the editing of Part I. has been done. Professor Thomas is not an expositor of the futile class styled by Friedrich Vischer "allegorische Erklärungsphilister"; and the manful way in which he has resisted, in Part I., the peculiar temptations that beset "Faust" editors,

gives promise of an equally sane and helpful edition of the more perilous Part II. The editor's prefatory remarks as to Part II.—which he sensibly declines to regard as "a mass of riddles, allegories, and deep abstractions requiring some sort of occult wisdom for their 'interpretation'"—may be quoted as indicating his methods: "The simple truth is, that no key and no special order of intelligence are needed. The Second Part of 'Faust,' to be sure, is not literature for children, or for the weak-minded, or for the very indolent; but neither is the First Part. I only wish to urge that anyone who reads and enjoys the First Part (by which I mean the whole First Part, and not simply the love-story) should be able to read and enjoy the Second Part also. . . . Let him read the Second Part of 'Faust' as he reads other poetry; with a free play of intelligence to respond to its infinite suggestiveness, but without ever imagining that the text is a Chinese puzzle." The introduction and notes are helpful and scholarly, and the volume presents mechanically a more inviting appearance than one looks for in a text-book.

*Famous Women
of the French
Court.*

THE MESSRS. SCRIBNERS have added to their deservedly successful translations of M. Saint-Amand's "Famous Women of the French Court" series, "The Duchess of Berry and The Court of Louis XVIII."—the first of a set of three volumes treating of the Princess Marie Caroline of Naples, who became by her marriage with the Duke of Berry (murdered by Louvel) the central female figure of the French court during the reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The volume presents a series of brilliant pictures of a period of French court history that should be better known than it is. M. Saint-Amand has treated his material in his usual way and with his usual skill, citing freely contemporary comment and gossip, and condensing to the last degree compatible with thorough readableness. To say that the book is as entertaining as its predecessors is commendation enough.

*Provençal games
and religious
festivals.*

"PLAY in Provence" (The Century Co.) is a pretty volume of 200 pages, the joint work of Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. The book contains nine papers descriptive chiefly of Provençal games and religious festivals. As usual, the rather shrill and meagre literary note of the Pennells is offset by the quality of the accompanying drawings,—several of Mr. Pennell's pen-and-ink sketches being fair examples of the capabilities of the process.

BRIEFER MENTION.

NOT long ago we noted the publication of a volume of "New Fragments," by Professor Tyndall, and we have now received a new edition of the original "Fragments of Science" (Appleton), with so many additions that two volumes are filled instead of one. In its present form the work includes nearly forty papers, and

their interest is as diversified as it is great. Few books of popular science have been so useful in our day as these collections of essays. They have filled with enthusiasm many a youthful mind, and have contributed not a little to clarify minds of maturer development. Such a paper as the famous Belfast address of 1874, for example, is as readable to-day as it was when delivered, and has lost little of its force with the lapse of time.

A GROUP of pleasant little essays upon art, by Mr. Theodore Child (Harper), have been collected into a miniature volume entitled "The Desire of Beauty." In these papers the author discusses such subjects as art criticism, the errors of the realist, and the education of the eye. The discussion is cultivated and urbane, but the narrow limits imposed hardly admit of its being profound. It might be described as after-dinner chat of the more serious sort.

"THE Love of the World," by Miss Mary Emily Case (Century Co.), is a book of religious meditations, "a jotting down," as the author says, "of scattered thoughts, grouped under more or less appropriate headings." The term "religious" is used in a broad sense; indeed, the author expressly states it as her conviction that "there is nothing which is not, or may not be, religious, sin only excepted." The book is a very small one, and is tastefully printed.

IN "A Little Swiss Sojourn," Mr. W. D. Howells describes in his charming way the experiences of a few weeks in the Canton Vaud, at Montreux, Vevey, and Villeneuve. Mr. Howells is at his best in sketches of travel, and this little volume of the "Black and White" series (Harpers) should find its way to many a vest-pocket. We should add that it is simply but prettily illustrated.

MR. GEORGE F. PARKER's "Life of Grover Cleveland" (Cassell) is too good a book to be described as campaign literature, although it appears at a time when it is sure to be taken as such. A peculiarly interesting chapter of the book is the estimate of the ex-President furnished by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder for publication in this connection. Both this work and Mr. Parker's recent edition of the writings of Mr. Cleveland are books of more than temporary value.

THE latest paper-covered fiction includes the following books: "Passing the Love of Women," by Mrs. J. H. Needell (Appleton); "In Old St. Stephens," by Miss Jennie Drake (Appleton); "'Tween Snow and Fire," a tale of the Kaffir, by Mr. Bertram Mitford (Cassell); "Strange Tales of a Nihilist," by Mr. William Le Queux (Cassell); "The Golden Bottle," by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly (D. D. Merrill Co.); "The Gilded Fly," a political satire, by Mr. Harold Payne (Price-McGill Co.); "The Adopted Daughter," by Mr. Edgar Fawcett (Neely); and "Love's Temptation," by Miss Emilie Edwards (N. C. Smith Co.).

SOME recently published text-books for school use are entitled to a word of mention. "The Beginner's American History" by Mr. D. H. Montgomery (Ginn) is intended as an introduction to "The Leading Facts of American History" by the same author. It is simple and anecdotal in style. Dr. Wm. J. Milne has added a "Standard Arithmetic" (American Book Co.) to his series of mathematical text-books. "A Course in Zoölogy" (Lippincott) is a translation and adaptation, by Dr. W. H. Greene, of a French book, the authors of the original being MM. C. de Montmahon and H. Beauregard. The work is used as the basis of instruction in this subject by the secondary schools of France.

"A PLEA for the Gospel" (Crowell) is the title given to a collection of four sermons by the Rev. George D. Herron, of Burlington, Iowa. "The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ" (Macmillan), by Thomas Delaney Bernard, Canon and Chancellor of Wells, is a study and exposition of St. John XIII. to XVII. inclusive. The work is based upon a series of lectures, which, however, it by no means reproduces. "Our Birthdays," by the Rev. A. C. Thompson (Crowell), is a collection of birthday greetings addressed to friends who have passed the scriptural limit of age. There is a greeting for every year from seventy-one to one hundred — altogether, thirty essays in miniature.

Two or three volumes of short stories call for a word of mention. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis is the author of "Silhouettes of American Life" (Scribner), a volume of exquisite sketches that are hardly more than etchings, but varied in scene and rich in human interest. The "Tales of a Garrison Town" (D. D. Merrill Co.) are a dozen or more in number, the joint work of Messrs. Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Craven Langstroth Betts. The town to which they take us is Halifax, and the garrison an English one. Miss Mary J. Safford's "Lorelei and Other Stories" (Price-McGill Co.) are reprinted from various periodicals.

THE following novels have recently appeared: "That Wild Wheel" (meaning the wheel of Fortune), by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope (Harpers); "Maid Marian and Robin Hood," a reasonably fresh treatment of a hackneyed theme, by Mr. J. E. Muddock (Lippincott); "Englishman's Haven," which tells of Louisbourg and its fall, by Mr. W. J. Gordon (Appleton); "Other Things Being Equal," a California story, by Miss Emma Wolf (McClurg); and "The Snare of the Fowler," by the popular Mrs. Alexander (Cassell).

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

"St. Nicholas" for November has a three-page poem by the late Mr. Whittier, dated December 15, 1891. It is entitled "An Outdoor Reception."

"Alfred Lord Tennyson — a Study of His Life and Work," by Mr. Arthur Waugh, will be published at once in England.

Mrs. Ritchie's new book, "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning," is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Longmans, Green & Co., will soon publish Mr. Lang's "Green Fairy Book," uniform with the "Blue" and "Red" volumes already familiar.

Mr. Rossiter Johnson calls attention to the fact that Lord Tennyson's work, often called voluminous, averages only about two lines a day for the whole period of its production.

"Harper's Magazine" for November contains the last of Mr. Lowell's lectures on the Elizabethan dramatists, the subject being "Massinger and Ford." We may soon expect these lectures in a volume.

Thomas Whittaker will publish at once "Robin Redbreast, a Story for Girls," by Mrs. Molesworth, and "A Candle in the Sea," a story of the life-saving service, by Mr. Edward A. Rand.

The Scribners will issue shortly a volume containing three plays by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. W. E. Henley. The plays are "Deacon Brodie," "Bean Austin," and "Admiral Guinea."

Professor Krall, of Vienna, has discovered an ancient Etruscan book among the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy in the museum of Agram. It is likely to prove the key to the decipherment of the Etruscan language.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately a two-volume edition of the life of Lincoln by Herndon and Weik, with an introduction by Mr. Horace White; also, "Warriors of the Crescent," a story by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams.

S. C. Griggs & Co. have now in press a translation, by Mrs. Mary Bushnell Coleman, of M. Lavis's "Frederick the Great." The work has had much success in France and Germany, and is said to be entirely worthy of the author's great reputation.

A series of articles on the portraits of Tennyson, by Mr. Theodore Watts, will soon appear in "The Magazine of Art." The selection of the illustrations has been approved by Lord Tennyson's family, and includes all the authentic likenesses.

Continental critics seem to prefer "Enoch Arden" to Tennyson's other works. There are of this poem seven French, six German, two Dutch, and two Italian translations, besides translations into Spanish, Hungarian, Bohemian, and Norwegian.

The "Easy Chair" department of "Harper's Magazine" is to be discontinued, Mr. Curtis's last paper under this head being published in the November number. The department was started in 1851, with Mr. Donald G. Mitchell as its writer. Mr. Curtis took a part of the Chair in 1853, and became its sole occupant in 1859.

Frederick Keppel & Co., of Chicago, New York, and Paris, issue a handsomely illustrated "Catalogue of Etchings and Engravings," mostly published by them. It includes over five hundred numbers, and will be mailed to any address upon receipt of the nominal sum of ten cents. Among the numbers we notice Rajon's portrait of Tennyson, in three forms.

Professor Scartazzini's "Handbook to Dante" has been translated by Mr. A. J. Butler and will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., who also announce Mr. C. L. Shadwell's text and translation of "The Purgatory," with introductory essay by Mr. Walter Pater. We already have an American translation of Scartazzini, made by Mr. Thomas Davidson several years ago.

The announcements of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "Deer-Stalking in the Highlands of Scotland," by Lieut.-General H. H. Crealock, in a sumptuous edition limited to 250 copies; "Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History," by Sir Henry Parkes; "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland," by Mr. Theodore Bent; "The Toilers of the Field," by the late Richard Jefferies; and "King Poppy," a poem by Owen Meredith.

Thomas Woolner, R.A., died in London October 7, the day after Lord Tennyson's death. He was born in 1825. His work as a sculptor has been of the ablest of his generation. His bust of Tennyson, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is one of his best-known works. As a poet, he published "My Beautiful Lady" (1863), lyrics collected from "The Germ," and three long blank verse poems: "Pygmalion" (1881), "Silenus" (1884), and "Tiresias" (1886).

George Howland, Principal of the Chicago High School from 1857 to 1880, and Superintendent of the entire public school system of the city from 1880 to

1891, died at his home in Chicago, October 21, 1892, at the age of sixty-eight. Besides one or two slender volumes of verse, and some poetical translations from Homer and Horace, Mr. Howland published a complete translation, in English hexameters, of the "Æneid," and a volume entitled "Practical Hints to Teachers in the Public Schools," in the "International Education" series.

"Science" for October 7 announces an enlargement to double the present size, provided the necessary support be forthcoming. In case the plan is carried out, one half of each number will be prepared and printed in London, thus assuring for the journal an international character. The publisher states that nearly \$100,000 was expended upon "Science" during its early years, being contributed by two gentlemen whose names he is not at liberty to print. The review has deteriorated considerably of late, and the announcement of its probable improvement is welcome.

Mr. R. S. Blackmore, replying to a query concerning the metrical character of many passages in his novels, has recently made the following statement: "It does seem, when one comes to measure, that I have (without the least intention) fallen into some sort of rhythm, which argues perhaps weakness or too mechanical pulsation—as a man counts his steps to encourage weary feet. However, it does not matter much, for I am not of such mark as to lead the young astray." It is difficult, in spite of this disclaimer, quite to believe in the absence of intention, when the effect is so very evident as it is in "Lorna Doone."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

November, 1892.

America Discovered by Phœnicians. T. C. Johnson. *Calif'n.*
Arithmetical Prodigy, The Latest. Alfred Binet. *Pop. Sci.*
Australia, Raging in. Illus. Sidney Dickinson. *Scribner.*
Bates, Henry Walter. *Popular Science.*
Burmese Art. Illus. *Magazine of Art.*
Business Profits. J. B. Mann. *Popular Science.*
California Fisheries. D. S. Jordan. *Overland.*
Cholera and Commerce. Erastus Wiman. *North American.*
Coffee in Guatemala. E. T. Parkhurst. *Californian.*
Color in Flowering Plants. Alice Carter. *Popular Science.*
Columbian Exposition, Higher Aspects of the. *Dial.*
Copyright in Works of Art. *Magazine of Art.*
Cricket in the U. S. Illus. G. S. Patterson. *Lippincott.*
Critical Faculty, Evolution of the. Marian Mead. *Dial.*
Death-Masks. Illus. Laurence Hutton. *Harper.*
Democratic Outlook, The. W. F. Harry. *North American.*
Designers of the Fair. Illus. F. D. Millet. *Harper.*
Dixon Bequests at Bethnal Green. Illus. *Magazine of Art.*
Driving. Illus. C. D. English. *Lippincott.*
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Education, True Lover of. H. G. Wells. *Educational Rev.*
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Eurasia. Sara J. Duncan. *Popular Science.*
Free Trade in England. Lord Masham. *Forum.*
French Art—Realistic Painting. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner.*
French Feeling in Parisian Pictures. B. Hamilton. *Mag. Art.*
Garfield's Administration. L. A. Sheldon. *Californian.*
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Hugo, Victor, Opinions of. Octave Uzonne. *Scribner.*
Hull House, Chicago. Jane Addams. *Forum.*
Italy's Scientific Societies. W. C. Cahall. *Popular Science.*
Library of the United States. A. R. Spofford. *Forum.*
Lick Observatory. Illus. M. W. Shinn. *Overland.*
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Mars, What We Know About. E. S. Holden. *Forum.*
Massinger and Ford. J. R. Lowell. *Harper.*
Millionaires. Lyman Allen. *Californian.*

Municipal Institutions in America. Jos. Chamberlain. *Forum.*
Nervousness, Modern. Dr. Bilsinger. *Popular Science.*
New Party Wanted. T. V. Powderly. *North American.*
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Politics and Pulpit. Bishop C. D. Foss. *North American.*
Posture, Indications of. T. L. Brunton. *Popular Science.*
Presidential Campaign of 1892. James G. Blaine. *No. Am.*
Psychology and Education. James Sully. *Educational Rev.*
Psychology, Comparative. Joseph Jastrow. *Popular Science.*
Puget Sound Indians. Illus. Rose Simmons. *Overland.*
Quarantine at New York. Dr. W. T. Jenkins. *North Am.*
Renan, Ernest. R. G. Ingersoll. *North American.*
Reasoning Animals. Allen Pringle. *North American.*
Riverside, California. *Californian.*
Santa Lucia Mountains. Illus. Mary L. White. *Overland.*
San Francisco's Pagan Temples. F. J. Masters. *Californian.*
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World's Fair, Chicago in the. Franklin MacVeagh. *Scribner.*
World's Fair, Germany at the. W. H. Edwards. *No. Am.*
World's Fair, Russia at the. J. M. Crawford. *North Am.*

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[The following list, embracing 70 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

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The Nature and Elements of Poetry. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. With photogravure frontispiece, 8vo, pp. 338, gilt top, uncut edges. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
Dante and Beatrice: An Essay in Interpretation. By Lewis F. Mott, M.S. 18mo, pp. 48. W. R. Jenkins. Paper, 25 cts.
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POETRY.

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